

## Our Dead.

MUSSER—Life has its seasons of sunshine, but the clouds that are big with heart rending sorrow oft times cross our pathway. Our dear and beloved brother Dr. P. C. Musser, of Lightburn, W. Va., has been called upon to how in humble submission to the inevitable. On the morning of Dec. 30, 1896, his wife and companion, Elizabeth A. Musser, fell asleep in Christ. Was committed to the silent dust the 31st, to await the summons from on high, to arise, clad in the eternal robes, with all that have washed their garments white in Jesus' blood. 68 years of life's labors and duties she had nobly performed, when the still voice to those of us who remain, was heard by her, "It is enough," come up higher. She has been an exemplary member of the Brethren Church for about thirty-five years. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. A. J. Lightburn, of the Baptist Church in the presence of an immense multitude of people. She suffered greatly during the few days of her illness, but endured it all with Christian resignation, until her lovable and gentle spirit entered that rest, "that remaineth for the people of God."

She is greatly missed in the home; there is the vacant chair, in the family circle, and at the table. Last Sunday we could not help but notice the vacant seat at church, while we tried to draw comfort and encouragement from the words, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." So Brother Musser, cheer up she is not dead but sleepeth, she is only gone before, and her faith and life should be an inspiration to all surviving friends and members of the family to press on in the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. S. W. WILT.

Toll Gate, W. Va.

MEYERS.—Near Millersburg, Iowa Co., Iowa, Jan. 2, 1897, of croup, Vester Christian, twin son of Rev. John A. and Anna V. Meyers. Aged 4 months, 22 days.

For thy beloved, dead and gone,  
Let sweet, not bitter tears be shed;  
Nor open thy dark sayings on  
The harp as though thy faith were dead.

Funeral service by Elder H. R. Taylor, of Deep River, Iowa, of the German Baptist Brethren Church.

TEETER—Minnie Mildred, youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Teeter, died Dec. 3, aged 6 months, and was buried at Hetricks cemetery, the services conducted by Elder David Hildebrand of the

German Baptist Church, and the writer. God comfort them.

EDWIN E. HASKINS.

Johnstown, Pa.

PARKS.—William Kennedy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parks, died after a short sickness on Christmas morning, being nearly 2 years old. The services were conducted by the writer and the little form was laid at rest in Hetricks cemetery. May God comfort the bereaved.

EDWIN E. HASKINS.

## LIFE'S TRIVIAL THINGS.

ROSE SEELYE MILLER.

The things which seem trivial, hardly worth the doing or considering, are oftentimes the most important duties life holds. Indeed, I rather think that the things we think trivial are the most important. In erecting a building, how necessary that every little thing should be true, how absolutely fatal is the least wavering from the absolute level. A little flaw in the foundation will cause the whole structure to be faulty, and bring the direst disaster sooner or later. How much more important is this building which is not made with hands, the building of character which goes on day by day, week by week, month by month, year by year, nay, not so much by the long periods as by those of shorter duration. Minute by minute we build the character that shall stand the storms of life or be swept away with the flood when it comes and finds the weak spot, the place where we failed to do the trivial thing and do it thoroughly.

Even the greatest lives are made up of little things, and no great deed was ever done, that its doing was not preceded by many little and seemingly insignificant things, but these all done faithfully, worked together towards the perfecting and the finishing of the one great deed that the world saw and applauded.

There are many who will never win the applause of the world, but these are the ones may be who are doing just as good work, just as noble, as those who find the great opportunity.

We may not shirk the little duty because it is small, it must be done just as faithfully as though it were a larger one. Remember always that he who is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much. —N. Y. Observer.

## THE IMMORTAL WORD.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away." As they have lived and wrought, so they will live and work. From the teacher's chair and from the pastor's pulpit; in the hum-

blest hymn that ever mounted to the ear of God from beneath a cottage roof, and in the rich, melodious choir of the noblest cathedral 'their sound is gone out into all lands and their words unto the ends of the world.' Nor here alone but in a thousand silent and unsuspected forms will they unweariedly prosecute their holy office. Who doubts that, times without number, particular portions of Scripture find their way to the human soul as if embassies from on high, each with its own commission of comfort, of guidance, or of warning? What crisis, what trouble, what perplexity of life has failed or can fail to draw from this inexhaustible treasure-house its proper supply? What profession, what position is not daily and hourly enriched by these words which repetition never weakens, which carry with them now, as in the days of their first utterance, the freshness of youth and immortality? When the solitary student opens all his heart to drink them in, they will reward his toil. And in forms yet more hidden and withdrawn, in the retirement of the chamber, in the stillness of the night season, upon the bed of sickness and in the face of death, the Bible will be there, its several words how often winged with their several and special messages, to heal and to soothe, to uplift and uphold, to invigorate and stir. Nay, more perhaps than this; amid the crowds of the court, or the forum, or the street, or the market-place, when every thought of every soul seems to be set upon the excitements of ambition, or of business, or of pleasure, there too, even there, the still small voice of the Holy Bible will be heard, and the soul, aided by some blessed word, may find wings like a dove, may flee away and be at rest."—W. E. Gladstone.

## OLD MAIDS.

"As for unmarried women," the Bishop of Rochester remarks, "what a dreary wilderness this world would be without them! In thousands of homes the maiden sister or aunt is the very angel of the family; the children's idol, the secret wonder and delight even of those who too unscrupulously use her; by sick beds and death beds, a divine consoler; the depository of tender secrets of blushing hearts; the unwearied friend of the old, the poor and the lowly. Old maids, indeed! With certain obvious exceptions, they are the very salt of the earth; the calm and clear light of the household that is so blessed as to own them; their distinction to be wanted by everybody; their reward to be useful to everybody; their home the snug-gest, the warmest place in the hearts that can love."—Forward.